

Trinity University Review

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Vol. I.

TRINITY COLLEGE, TORONTO, CHRISTMAS, 1888.

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THE KEEPERS OF THE PASS.

Now heap the branchy barriers up,
No more for us shall burn
The pine-logs on the happy hearth,
For we shall not return.

We've come to our last camping-ground,
Set axe to fir and tamarack,
The foe is here, the end is near,—
And we shall not turn back.

In vain for us the town shall wait,
The home-dear faces yearn,
The watchers in the steeple watch,—
For we shall not return.

For them we've come to these hard straits,—
To save from flame and wrack
The little city built far off ;
And we shall not turn back.

Now beat the yelling butchers down,
Let musket blaze, and axe-edge burn,
Set hand to hand, lay brand to brand,—
But we shall not return.

For every man of us that falls
Their hordes a score shall lack.
Close in about the Lily Flag !
No man of us goes back.

For us no morrow's dawn shall break,
Our sons and wives shall learn
Some day from lips of flying scout
Why we might not return.

A dream of children's laughter comes
Across the battle's slack,
A vision of familiar streets,—
But we shall not go back.

Up roars the painted storm once more,
Long rest we soon shall earn.
Henceforth the city safe may sleep,—
But we shall not return.

And when our last has fallen in blood
Betwixt these waters black,
Their tribe shall no more lust for war,—
For we shall not turn back.

In vain for us the town shall wait,
The home-dear faces yearn,
The watcher's in the steeple watch,—
For we shall not return.

CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS,
King's College, Windsor, N.S.

THE INTELLECTUAL ASPECT OF POLITICAL DEPENDENCE.

No one will affirm that the intellectual life of Canada, represented by its literature, bears any reasonable relation to the activity manifested in its material concerns. It may be said, and no doubt justly, that in a young community we must not look for that degree of intellectual life which finds expression in the flower of a grand literature, or in the expansive and varied forms of a distinctively original and rich creative work. What we might look for, at least, is, that in some regions of intellectual labour—in politics for instance—Canada should show some well-defined marks, not only of breadth of culture and power of vision, but of high achievement and ardent aspiration in a nationward course. Do we find this, or is it possible to find this, in a political dependency ?

In considering this question, briefly, we shall doubtless run the risk of classing ourselves not only with the increasing number of those who are ill-content that Canada shall accept indefinitely the *status quo*, but with those who, at the possible risk of preparing their necks for the noose of ultra-loyalists and treason-hunters, seek with a saner patriotism a future for their country beyond the ignoble one of a fast-tethered and spiritless colony. This risk, however, we are willing to run, not only in the interest of

free and untrammelled speech, but in the interest of a free and untrammelled development for Canada. "The individual withers, and the *nation* is more and more." The destiny of Canada no individual man may hope to make or unmake; but it is nevertheless the duty, as it may be within the power of each of us, in some measure, to shape the forces of the time that the highest good may come to the country, and that the hearts of the people may be stayed with a real and strenuous faith in its future.

Canada's material progress is recorded in columns of statistics: what is the measure of her intellectual and moral progress? In the term intellectual we include not only the creations of the intellect, given expression to in literary form, but the growth and development of ideas, and the working out of these in the formative life of the nation—the highest mark of intellectual activity. The country as a group of confederated Provinces, has not only just attained its majority, but is to-day within fifteen years of celebrating the ter-centenary of its birth. That far-back event saw it a colony in the cradle of France: to-day sees it still a colony in the cradle of Britain. There are some advantages that belong to the colonial condition as there are some advantages that adhere to the cradling stage. If unduly prolonged, however, these advantages become disadvantages—the colony remains the infant colony, and the inmate of the cradle becomes the dwarf or man-infant. We are fond of pointing to Confederation as the period when Canada issued from a state of pupilage, and became "a nation." If we are justified in this view of the era, let us see what are the marks of transition from a colony. Here is what was said of the condition of Canada shortly after Confederation was accomplished; let us look for a moment at the picture. The writer is Captain Butler, an observant English traveller, who in his "Great Lone Land" apostrophizes our grand country, but bewails the absence of patriotism, and the evidences of inertness and self-seeking. He saw, he says: "Your own politicians for years too timid to grasp the limits of your possible future, parties everywhere in your Provinces, and of every kind except a native party; no breadth, no depth, no earnest striving to make you great among the nations, each one for himself and no one for the country; men fighting for a sect, for a Province, for a nationality; but no one for the nation." The picture, it must be admitted, was true then; is it otherwise than true now? Have we made any determined effort to reclaim politics from the mire into which it was then sunk, and to elevate it to a clean, a reputable, and a patriotic pursuit? Are not the cliques, the factions, the political wirepullers, the hangers-on of the lobby, and the partisans of a Province, of a race, of a creed, still with us? Are not elections still carried by a scandalous expenditure of money? Are not Provinces held within the Dominion, if not by the bribe of "better terms," by corrupt expenditure on the part of the Government on railways and public works? Is the integrity of

all our public men such as to command our confidence and respect? If there is any doubt on these matters, and knowing the real character of our politics, is there a voice heard advocating the obliteration of party, and the abandonment of every organization, whatever its shibboleth, that makes politics merchantable, degrades public life, and sears the conscience of the country? And of the country at large, is there any real pulling together, not for the grasping objects of sectionalism or of sordid individual gain, but for the nation and the nation's sole and supreme interests?

All this, however, may be said to be too sweeping an indictment, and too pessimistic a view of our political morality. Supposing we admit this, though the facts, we fear, warrant the limning of such a picture, yet can any one, particularly at the present juncture of Canadian affairs, say that the national outlook is a hopeful one, or that the country has an assuring confidence that its administration and direction nationward is on the highest and noblest lines of advancement, and that it is weaving for itself the best political and social outfit for the future? Is there, among the different sections of the Dominion, a common ground on which to unite and weld our people together as a nation, or is there even an aspiration shared in common? Are not the Provinces still isolated from each other, full of jealousies and estrangements, and absorbed in the selfish struggle for local rights? If these are facts, what do they denote, but that they are the fruits of a provincial, not of a national, existence?

Nor do we find the prospect more encouraging when we look at our purely intellectual development. We are still content, almost in every line, to derive our mental culture second-hand. Our intellectual condition has not yet got rid of the marks of a colonial and provincial state. Our copyright laws are not our own; and on every side they handicap literary effort, and dwarf publishing enterprise. In treaty making we are still an infant community, and our deference to Downing Street, if not as slavish as when the country was struggling for the rights of self-government, ill-accords with our present political status and lauded fiscal independence. Content to remain in this half-fledged condition, it is no surprise to find that there has been little blending into one national type all the provincial currents of Canadian thought, and that we are far as yet from securing a distinctively national school of literature. The term nation, indeed, is still strange in the mouth of our public men, and Canadian nationality, instead of being a real and constructive force, is yet only a furtive aspiration. Among French Canadians, where the term is used, it has a restricted, and, to their English-speaking brethren, an alien meaning. It may be, however, that the day will soon come—perhaps in war, or through the ferment of a great political upheaval—when the untoward influences we have referred to shall pass away, and when sectional hostility, racial jealousy, and religious cleavage shall give place to national unification, patriotic aspiration

and the consolidating forces of an ardent national sentiment. That the day may come quickly must be the desire of every patriot heart. With this desire must be the further one, that Canadian political parties, which have long survived their slender stock of principles, and been living on their past and far from holiest traditions, may rise regenerated and purified, and address themselves to the task of patriotically consolidating the nation, and of giving rein to its noblest intellectual and moral energies through a stable national independence.

G. MERCER ADAM.

This poem was suggested by a picture entitled "Godfrey and the Bishop," by the German artist Otto Knille. A young monk, assailed by temptation, has fallen into grievous sin. Melted by the tender admonition of the godly Bishop, he pours out his soul in confession. When he has finished the Bishop bends over him, and holds his throbbing head against his breast, his own heart as full of sorrow as that of the penitent youth. The emotions of both monk and Bishop are delineated with exquisite pathos:

And hast thou told me all? Nay! answer not.
I feel it so to be, my son. These tears,
Thy quivering lip, and palled cheek, the sweat
That stands in fearful beads upon thy brow,
The spasms that convulse thy slender frame,
Bespeak thy truth. Behind a sunny smile
Foul falsehood lurks too often; signs like these
Confound suspicion, give to doubt the lie.
Well hast thou done to lay the burden down
That crushed thy heart, and when thou wouldst uplift
Thine eyes to heaven, still bore thee to the ground,
A slave to horror, wild remorse, despair.
And nobly hast thou spared not to recount
Each thought and action, howsoever dark,
Albeit the dread recital cost thee words
Torn as with hooks of iron from thy breast.
Would God that I could mine unlock and show
The pity, deep, surpassing utterance,
With which my heart yearned over thee the while,
Responsive quivering to each woe of thine.
Nay! wonder not that I from stern reproof
Refrain, nor even chide thy devious course.
Let them such censure deal who never sinned,
Or, having sinned, with conscience seared can play
The hypocrite, or wander self deceived.
He who has felt a fire in his veins,
Has haunted been with phantoms of his brain
As rife at noon as in the dead of night,
Has glances met that, like an adder's tongue,
Have subtle venom darted through his frame,
Has prayed and fought, and fallen many times,
And, from the long-drawn solitary strife,
Bears many a scar of wounds that love divine

Has healed, and thence has learned that love to know,
That else had been unmeasured, unadored,
Such man, I say, for him, who, stricken down,
And bleeding by the wayside turns on him
The tearful eye, that gladdens Angel hosts,
Imploring aid, has nought but words of peace.
As brightly shining stars make glad our earth
When darksome night broods o'er it, with a light
That falls upon them streaming from the sun,
So he the down-cast and the contrite cheers
With rays that his own soul have bathed in light.
Thus all the deep dishonour that we do
That holy Name, the wounds with which we pierce
Our Saviour's heart, the woe we work ourselves,
The triumph that to Satan we afford,
By our dear Father's grace are overruled
His glory to advance, and our good.
In this, my son, take comfort; from thy fall
Thou shalt arise with precious gifts endued,
More lowly, more compassionate, enriched
With such experience as shall give thy words
A soul-subduing power, for which both thou,
And they that hear thee, through eternity
Shall render praise to God. Depart in peace.

A. BOYS.

OLD MEMORIES.

There are times when one's mind is irresistably carried back to other days, to dwell upon old scenes, when the years that divide those old days from the present, seem to cast a mystic glamour over them, when the distance of time acts upon their joys as a magnifying medium, and their ills, if there were any, are forgotten.

To-day a thousand half-forgotten scenes rush through my mind. How pleasant it is to look out of my window and find all the sad brown earth covered with a soft snowy mantle. There is something especially suggestive, especially provocative of pleasant old reminiscences in the first fall of snow—the blessed season is drawing near of which the poet sings

"It was the winter wild,
While the heaven born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies."

Other times may be just as pleasant, perhaps, just as enjoyable, but they do not bring upon the mind such a flood of memories and associations as does this December time—chill though it be—that make its kindly softening influence well nigh universal, with its pleasant memories of old scenes, of old, kindly, merry, exciting times, which the association of all that is tenderest and kindest and best in man, be he young or be he old, has rendered the happiest of his life.

It is to be confessed the reality now does not quite equal the remembered or the imagined joy of those old days, and yet we have had happy times. I remember I used to

feel a little down-hearted occasionally, even in the latter part of Michaelmas, a little worried perhaps about exams., and I used to go over to old Bender's study in the western corridor—everybody knows old Bender's den—and would probably be apprised of his presence in his sanctum, when just by the Provost's door, by the sound of a melancholy old ditty, bawled forth to the accompaniment of a vigorously twanged guitar. It was a comfort to find sympathy, and old Bender was, if possible, even too sympathetic—he had a rather uncomfortable habit of picking one up in his arms, and hugging him a good deal after the fashion of a good natured bear, and as he never appeared to have any work to do, until perhaps the last moment before exam., there was a good opportunity to stretch oneself out before the grate, in one of his easy chairs—what good chairs they were—and talk and spin yarns and argue about everything under the sun, and forget all about work and worry, until the horrid din of that piano in the next study, assisted by the ambitious but most unmusical Scrapper's fiddle, and poor Puffer's flute, made things almost unbearable, even when we did not become heated with our arguments, and endeavour to drown the neighbouring serenade by the forcible expression of our opinions. Sometimes old Bender would not let us go without partaking of his hospitality, but generally one slipped away, and returned refreshed to work.

And while old Pincher was in residence what a wonderful *séance*—shall I say—we had just before the breaking up for Christmas, when *Episcopon* would give his learned judgments, from which there was but slight appeal, upon things in general and persons in particular. Fortunately one could bear a good deal of wit at his own expense, after a hearty meal, and so it was a very jolly, if a somewhat hilarious time. There was a considerable feast—whether it was of wit—and a decided flow—whether it was of soul. And then after repeated threats of “lights out,” by the porter, the memorable procession formed for the main hall, and there the “*grande finale*” was sung,—“hands all round”—to the strains of “Auld lang syne,” And then, a little flushed, perhaps, and with mingled feelings, we would vanish, each to his own place, for the night.

Yes, the old days were very happy.

A. CARSWELL.

ACCESSORIES.

A STUDY OF DRAPERY.

When balmy airs of Spring and May
O'er cheek and brow were softly stealing,
My sweet, in vernal, wild display,
Seemed beauties, ever new revealing.

So, too, when Summer breezes stirred
The buttercups and orchard grasses,
In tennis gown, be-bowed and—shirred—
Yes, shirred, I swore “she all surpasses!”

When Autumn skies were ashen gray,
When chill rain down the dank pane washes,
Her “Inverness” I saw display
New charms, so, too, did her “goloshes.”

Now, snowflakes sparkle, airs are keen;
And “Love the debt” but seems to grow a—
A heavier charge, so sweet her mien
Enhanced by furs, by muff and boa.

J. A. R.

AN APOLOGY FOR FLIRTATION.

When Hawley Smart was writing the biography of a young hero who developed a most remarkable talent for engaging the affections of all the charming girls of his acquaintance, and likewise managed to reciprocate, at least for a time, the tender passions which he had such a genius for stirring; he apologizes for him in the most naive way, accounting for it on the principle that charming men, of generous nature and versatile character, gifted with an instinct for drawing honey from every flower, are necessarily a little volatile *daus les affaires d'amour*. After all is not this rather a point in their favour? urges this imper-turbale author. They are so Catholic in their tastes, they would grow bent and double up, if their large circumference had to circle round and worship at one small shrine, of such men it were truer that their circumference is everywhere and their centre nowhere. They have so many graces and talents, they carry so many guns, they are so sympathetic, it cannot be expected that any one object of affection should satisfy them, it would be criminal, a clear case of suicide, and the philosophy of utility, the greatest good for the greatest number forbids that such greatness should be sacrificed, such largeness contracted, such perfection marred, surely it is better to have loved and lost such a man, than never to have loved at all.

It was of this charming explanation that we were reminded the other day by a similar apology for Mr. Ruskin, poured into our amazed ear. Mr. Ruskin has said many startling things, but when he declared that railways were an invention of the devil for conveying damned souls to hell, he surpassed himself, and provoked as much mirth in the civilized world as his strictures on political economy are supposed to have done in the world of science. But the civilized world misunderstood Mr. Ruskin, perhaps pardonably misunderstood him. This saying of Mr. Ruskin has been explained. His defender is a young theologian, gifted with a brilliant imagination, of an Alexandrine cast of mind, and possessed of what Archbishop Whateley, speaking of Bacon, called that dangerous tendency for detecting similarities. Mr. Ruskin was probably speaking from a Semitic point of view regarding things as Daniel Deronda would regard them, with all that moral earnestness which is so characteristic of the genius of the Hebrew race, and clothing his thought in the highly coloured medium of Eastern Metaphor, of which we hear so much now-a-days.

According to our young theologian, what Mr. Ruskin meant was, that railways by increasing our power of locomotion, and annihilating space, have broken up all local ties; and consequently the attachment of place and race have yielded to the dissolving forces of the modern Zeitgeist, and been replaced by a spirit of false cosmopolitanism.

This explanation struck us as worthy of being recorded, it shows how mistaken we may be of a great man's meaning, unless we have another great man to interpret him. We only wondered whether Mr. Ruskin would think that his meaning had been a little watered down, whether he would allow that his interpreter was possessed in any degree of that so lightly attributed Semitic spirit. If Mr. Ruskin meant to be Semitic we ask our readers which most requires apology, flirtation with language, or coquetting with hearts?

E. C. C.

AMONG THE MILLET.

Among the Millet, and other poems, by Archibald Lampman: F. Durie & Son, Ottawa.

A volume of graceful verse coming from the pen of a Canadian poet at this time of the year deserves a seasonable welcome, and the poems of Mr. Lampman will assuredly meet with a hearty greeting. These are the poems of a young author collected for the first time between two covers, with the result that a most worthy book is presented to the public. Canadian poesy is as yet in its infancy, and the number of our poets who have written anything worthy of a long existence, is small. In the verses before us, however, one can discern the genius and spirit of true poetry combined with a graceful expression and a melodious versification.

Mr. Lampman is essentially a poet of nature, and it is in his descriptions of the glories of nature that he is in his happiest moods. The beauty of landscapes, the radiance of sunsets, the charms of winter, and whatever is lovely in the material universe are painted with a master's hand. The author contemplates nature with an eye for loveliness that only a worshipper can acquire. He is ever discovering new beauties, which he dwells on with a loving touch. His lines have the same pleasant flavor that those of Keats possess. In them we see the same love of nature, the same sense of the beautiful, the same warmth of description, the same exquisite aesthetic faculty that distinguished the much-loved singer of cool groves and pleasant bowers. The comparison is high, but the poems before us are worthy of it, and we predict the success of this first effort of a rapidly maturing genius. Take, for instance, his poem on "April," which contains these lines:

The grey song-sparrows full of spring have sung
Their clear, thin, silvery tunes in leafless trees;
The robin hops, and whistles, and among
The silver-tasseled poplars the brown bees

Murmur faint dreams of summer harvestries;
The creamy sun at even scatters down
A gold-green mist across the neighboring town.

These lines, and, indeed, the whole poem, are rich in their fidelity to nature, in their sense of color, and their sweet musical flow, that one might almost imagine that they were written by the hand of the aureoled Keats himself. In this and in other poems is seen another characteristic, the harmonious combination of sense and sound that falls in pleasing cadences on the ear, as in this description of the frogs:

And ever with soft throats that pulse and thrill
From the pale-weeded shadows trill and trill
Tremulous sweet voices, flute-like, answering
One to another, glorying in the spring.

In "Winter," "Winter hues recalled," and "The coming of winter," the charms of winter, and the calm, still scenes of crispy coldness are described with the warm *entourage* and sunlit loveliness that can only belong to a winter. There is an absence of that frigid chill which sends a cold thrill through one as he reads the wintry pictures of most other poets. How well the prostration of verdure is depicted in the lines:

A secret sting
Hath fallen and smitten flower and fruit and weed,
And every leafy thing.

Sufficient has been said and quoted to show that Mr. Lampman is no mean extoller of the virtues of nature. Another phase of his genius is shown in his ballads and poems on more subjective themes. "The Three Pilgrims," which has been published in several Canadian periodicals, is well known to many readers of the REVIEW. In this poem the arrival of three Christian travellers in Rome, the terrible tortures of their martyr comrades in the faith, their departure in horror from the dreaded city are well narrated. The pathetic sadness of the story of "The Organist" finds a responsive sympathy in the heart of every reader, and is in itself a beautiful symphony, whose music is supplied by the poetic inspiration. "The Monk," one of the longest and at the same time one of the best of the poems, tells the tale of two loving hearts which are separated for a time by a cruel parent, who is determined that his daughter shall marry a rich prince. On her refusal she is thrown into prison to await the nuptials. While her lover, Nino, is sitting in his room at night forlorn and broken-hearted, there comes to him a monk who brings the story of Leonora's undying love for him and its tragic result, how, rather than be untrue to him, she has taken a poisonous drink in her cell, and has charged the monk to bear a similar draught to Nino. The lover, in his grief, is about to raise the goblet to his lips when it is suddenly dashed away, and instead of the cowed priest he sees before him his own love.

Sure man did never meet
So warm a flower from such a sombre bud.
So trembling fair, so wan, so pallid sweet.

She has escaped from her dungeon in the guise of a monk to take refuge with her sweetheart, whose joy can well be imagined. The loving pair fly from the dangers that beset them to dwell in a more hospitable clime under the kindly roof of a brother. The story is told with a graceful ease and poetic richness that irresistibly recalls the "Eve of St. Agnes." Perhaps there is a little more passion in it than in anything that Keats ever wrote, although that emotion is noticeable by its absence in most of the other lines of the Canadian poet. While the sweet purity that pervades the verses, "Before Sleep," is admissible, we have a glimpse of a warmer feeling in the verse:

How her bosom, breathing low,
Stirs the wavy coverlet
With a motion soft and slow.
Oh, my lady, wake not yet,
There, without a thought of guile,
Let my spirit dream awhile.

An "Athenian Reverie," in easily flowing blank verse, with a genuine picture of the thoughts of the dilettanti Athenian so well known to the classics, forms a pleasing conclusion to the first part of the work.

The second part consists of "Sonnets," in which the influence of Keats still asserts itself. There are some exquisite verses in a "Midsummer Night," commencing

Mother of balms and soothings manifold,
Quite-breathed night, whose brooding hours are seven.

The sonnet on "Sight" is filled with lofty ideas, which show the real depth of thought that distinguishes a true poet from the baser sort.

The dedication is one of the prettiest little bits of sentiment that has ever prefaced a book of verse. The pure emotion exhibited in it is a charming herald of the beauties that follow.

In the first publication of a young poet there must perforce be faults, and of course the present instance is not free from blemishes, although they are few in number. In every line there breathes a refinement and culture that is rare in most of our Canadian poets, whose frequent failures have been due to a want of refined learning, and a lack of appreciation of the grand world which surrounds them. There is nothing in the poems that grates harshly on the sense of sound or feeling, a critical faculty seems to have moulded the lines in graceful proportions.

Occasionally verses occur which recall the words of greater poets, yet this is done in such a way that one sees the writer is thoroughly imbued with their spirit.

There is one case in which, however, the resemblance is too marked. In the lines on "The Frogs," the words:

To us no sorrow or upreared dismay
Nor any discord came, *but evermore*
The voices of mankind, the outer war
Grew strange and numerous, faint and far away.

are clearly suggested by Tennyson's "Lotos Eaters," although the dreamy breath of the *dolch far niente* falls with the same fascination on the ear as the glorious verses of the laureate.

In letter-press, and type, the book is one of the best volumes of poems that have been issued by Canadian publishers. The broad margin, and freedom from crowding, are especially pleasing to the bibliophils, although a thicker coloring would have improved the outside boards.

This work seems to open up a new vista in the poetry of our native Dominion. There is contained in it a full promise of richer things to come, and let us hope that the author may continue in the same strain as he has begun. With Mr. Roberts and Mr. Lampman as two of its leading spirits, we feel that, after all, there are greater things in store for our national literature.

S. F. H.

AMUSEMENTS.

The Honorable P. T. Barnum once remarked to the present writer that people must be amused, and recognizing that fact he did his best to amuse them. And we all know that Mr. Barnum's best is something pretty good. But there are many who do not recognize as clearly as Mr. Barnum does the necessity of amusement, nor are they careful to make provision for the mind's entertainment.

Now the mind must be entertained if we wish to keep it supple and bright, and to that end it were well if in choosing amusements we occasionally chose those bearing some relationship to the mental parts of man. An intellectual pleasure is one of the most precious things in life, and well worth the great cost it sometimes necessitates.

Goethe somewhere remarks that he made it a rule to view some great painting, to hear some grand music, and to read some fine poem every day of his life. It is the privilege of all to be able to read a fine poem every day, but to view a great painting or to listen to grand music is not a privilege of daily occurrence, not by any means. That there is not sufficient entertainment for the mind in ordinary Canadian life is a fact but half-consciously recognized by the many, and those to whom the want is a reality only sigh about it, perhaps, or abuse the shortcomings of their country, or, if their means afford it, seek gratification in other lands, doing everything in short except making an effort to remedy the evil. Were the same efforts made to further intellectual amusements that are made to further those of a muscular description, the life of the people would soon be appreciably enriched. In Canadian life is by no means poor, and they absorb the attention of the youth of both sexes, for Mademoiselle, be it understood, sets great store by the man of big biceps. He is named with significant respect in every circle. With the great Hebrew King and author our maidens agree in thinking that the glory of a young man is his strength. And they are quite right of course. Still, the glorification

of strength may be carried a little too far. There is no reason for supposing that Solomon would have approved of cultivating the muscle at the expense of the brain.

A writer in an English magazine, in attempting to defend certain amusements eminently characteristic of our lower nature, once appealed to his readers to remember that human beings were animals, and that the animal must receive due allowance and consideration. But we all find that the animal in us is quite capable of taking care of itself; it rarely gets the worst of the compromise which is ever going on between the two natures, and does not often stand in need of championship. No, there is hardly anyone who will be prepared to say that the animal has not fair play amongst us, nor that the well-turned limbs and powerful biceps of the animal do not receive their full share of appreciation; and we provide plenty of amusement for the animal, and do all we can to make him sound in mind and limb. Now let us take equal pains and interest in entertaining the mind.

Fortunately there is an abundance of good books. We can read the best of what has been written in the past, and is being written in the present; we can know the classics of the world and the best modern books, which if they are not exactly classics, are yet the most accurate expression of the best thought of our day,—we can do this and it is much, very much. But books are not enough. The man who reads much must talk much, else he will grow dull. So the art of conversation must receive due attention, and mind must come in active contact with mind. Few people know how to amuse themselves by means of conversation, yet some of the happiest and most stimulating moments of one's life are often spent in the period after supper in the private society of well educated men. The brains of all present are then, as M. Taine says, in a state of agitation and effervescence. But unhappily the character of social entertainment; now-a-days are not calculated to give an impetus to the art of conversation. Any lady who would be courageous enough to introduce an imitation of the French *salon* in Canadian life would confer a blessing upon us, which the more intellectual members of society would not be slow to appreciate. The fashion once set by one having authority in social matters, the success of the *salon* would be assured. We are satisfied that the art of conversation could be developed in Canada to the same extent that it has been developed in France. It is true the environment is not so stimulating; we suspect, indeed, that the life of the people, even those who dwell in the chief cities, is duller, more narrow, and more unexciting than in analogous places in Great Britain. In Italy there are the opera and love-making; in Germany, philosophy and music; in France, art and the drama, but in Canada there is little yet that intellectually characterizes the country. There is no reason however why this should always be the case. Our surroundings are not altogether wanting in mental exhilaration as it is, and it remains with ourselves to bring about an improvement.

Of music and painting we cannot now stop to speak; but before we bring these random remarks to a close, we wish to say one word on behalf of private theatricals. The intellectual stimulus to be found in this delightful amusement, the benefit it does in the way of elocution, and bearing, and manners, and the bringing together of bright young men and graceful maidens united in one common object—all these things tend to make private theatricals the best, or at least one of the very best, of social amusements. It draws out latent ability of the most varied kind, and awakens thoughts and aspirations which might never have been awakened had it not been for the study which theatricals necessitates.

CARTER TROOP.

HUTTON'S ESSAYS.

We are glad to see that *Macmillan* has brought out a second edition of Hutton's *Literary and Theological Essays*. Paul Richard Holt Hutton, the charming editor of the *Spectator*, will be much more generally known to the public as the author of *Some Modern Guides of English Thought*. His style, less luminous perhaps than Matthew Arnold's, is characterized by greater warmth and keener insight. In dealing with those leaders of thought whom he has singled out—and they are well selected—he is not inclined while doing them full justice to bestow his praise blindly, there is a steady undercurrent of criticism, which without being mere detraction, warns his reader where his guide should be carefully watched, cautiously followed, and at times abandoned.

Carlyle, Newman, Matthew Arnold, George Eliot, and Frederick Denison Maurice, are the subjects of these Essays. This volume is in the main literary, but contains a subtle analysis of the attitude of these modern thinkers towards the Christian faith, which runs through them as a thread never altogether absent, but never obtrusive.

His estimate of Carlyle is admirable; he admits "that he had to the full the prophet's insight into the power of parable and type, and the prophet's eye for the forces which move society and inspire multitudes with contagious enthusiasm, whether for good or ill"; he claims "that he fell short of a prophet in this, that his main interest after all was rather in the graphic and picturesque interpretation of social phenomena than in an overwhelming desire to change them for the better." "But," adds Mr. Hutton, "Carlyle was far the greatest interpreter our literature has ever had of the infinite forces working through society, of that vast slim background of social beliefs, unbeliefs, enthusiasms, sentimentalities, superstitions, hopes, fears, and trusts, which go to make up either the strong cement or the destructive lava stream of national life, and to image forth some of the genuine features of the retributive providence of history."

Carlyle loved men who could stand up against heavy odds in weight, and reach and dauntlessly struggle against

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destiny. Self dependance he worshipped, therefore Exeter Hall, and other caricatures of Christianity, with its "Froth oceans and benevolences," made him dyspeptic. This same rugged self-containedness made him narrow and unsympathetic, and rendered him perfectly oblivious of contemporaries who held with him in his crusade against idolatries and shams.

Carlyle might have been a thorough-going Calvinist, holding an uncompromising survival of those fit to survive, and annihilation—the speedier the better—for all not heroes in the eyes of Mr. Carlyle.

Summing up Mr. Hutton says, "Carlyle certainly stands out a paradoxical figure, solitary, proud, defiant, void; no literary man in the nineteenth century is likely to stand out more distinctly than Thomas Carlyle, both for faults and genius, to the centuries which follow him."

The contrast between Newman and Matthew Arnold, both products of Oxford in the same century, is next dealt with. The difference in their attitude towards faith is assigned partly to the difference in their casts of mind. "There are but two things in the whole universe—our own soul and God who made it," says Newman; while Matthew Arnold, with mild intellectual arrogance, which is the leading characteristic of his didactic prose, declares, "I do not think it can be said that there is even a low degree of probability for the assertion that God is a being who loves and thinks."

Mr. Hutton's contrast of their literary style is inimitable; "both," he says, "are writers of the style in which 'sweetness and light' predominate; Newman's sweetness is the sweetness of religious humility and ardour, Arnold's is the sweetness of easy condescension, Newman's sweetness is wilful, Arnold's sweetness is didactic * * Arnold's prose is luminous like a steel mirror, Newman's like a clear atmosphere or lake, Arnold's prose is crystal, Newman's liquid." We would quote pages, but we must pass on.

The essays on George Eliot take up quite a third of the volume. They are a study of her method and aims in the delineation of her chief characters, as well as the running commentary of a keenly appreciative critic, throwing strong lights upon the movement of her novels, these essays will not yield their sweetness to the bird of passage, but no lover of George Eliot can afford to leave them unread. The essay on Maurice is a warmly sympathetic study of one to whom he owed a great deal. Mr. Hutton is eminently fitted for the work he has here undertaken, he has himself passed through many of the phases of thought with which he deals, and consequently views things from within. While his own charming literary style rivets the attention of his reader already engrossed in the interesting circle of thinkers he has here brought before us. We hope on a future occasion to have the pleasure of noticing the other volumes of this delightful writer, who certainly stands in the front rank of Essayists in the company of such writers as Newman and Dean Church, Goldwin Smith and Matthew Arnold.

E. C. CAYLEY.

The changes in the internal economy of the *Review*, proposed in our November number has been completed, and the *Review* will enter upon 1889, with an enlarged staff that will be representative of every department of the University. The present student editors will retain their places. Convocation has appointed Mr. Barlow Cumberland and Professor Symonds; and Trinity Medical College has chosen four editors, two of whom will sit on the main board, in the persons of Messrs. Clarke, B.A., Fotheringham, B.A., Quarry, and McKay. Mr. J. Carter Troop will be business manager for the Arts department, and Mr. McGee for the Medical department. With the array of talent that has been added to our staff, the pages of our next issue will be fairly luminous. We are glad to say that the medical students have entered into the union with a spirit and energy that are extremely praiseworthy. The Faculty of the Medical College has also been most favorable to our proposals, and have appointed in Dr. Bingham a worthy representative of that gifted body. It will thus be seen that on our staff are members of the Arts and Medical faculties and of Convocation, and undergraduates in Arts, Medicine, and Divinity, and let us ask a representative of St. Hilda's. With between twelve and sixteen pages of reading matter, with a circulation of a thousand copies, every one of which will be sent out, there is a wide field and a glorious prospect in the future of the *Review*. The new mode of operations entails a much larger outlay, and we would ask every member of the University to do whatever he can to aid the University paper, as for the first year there will not be any superfluity of funds.

The fruits of the organization of convocation are now beginning to show themselves in many tangible ways. Already that body has been of great material service to the University, and there are many who think that in it the main hope of Trinity lies. By its aid the honor course in modern languages, and a fellowship in classics have been established, and there are evidences that it will shortly be of further assistance in the finances of the University. The appointment of two gentlemen to the fellowships in Theology and Classics from the ranks of our recent graduates has aroused considerable enthusiasm among the students. Mr. E. C. Cayley is the fellow in Theology, and Mr. J. S. Broughall in Classics. The former commences his lectures immediately after Christmas, and the latter will enter upon his studies next Michaelmas, in the mean time taking a post-graduate course of lectures at the famous University of Johns Hopkins. We feel sure that the new fellows are the right men in the right place, and their appointment will be a great incentive to more honest work among the Undergraduates. We hope that there may soon be a regular system of fellowship in all our courses where additional aid is necessary.

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The examinations for the degree of M.D., C.M., will begin on March 19th, for the degree of B.C.L. as follows:—The First and Final on June 11th, and the Second on June 14th, and for the degree of Bachelor of Music on April 4th.

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Application should be made to the Registrar for the requisite forms for giving notice.

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